## Original Story.

## BERKLEY HALL.

CHAPTER XXII.

More than seven years had passed away since the events recorded in our story, when, in one of those embryo cities, whose magical growth make our great West the wonder of the world, we again meet our old acquaintances of Berkley Hall. Side by side two modest and comfortable dwellings stood embowered in vines and shrubbery-the homes of Harry Maham and Arthur Ferguson. Harry's "Chicora blosson" and "the Rose la Reine" of the Empire State, won by Arthur amid the wild woods of Cohuttah, had lost none of their beauty or sweetness for being transplanted on the shores of the Pacific. Marion, nominally an inmate of Harry's home, like a sweet spirit of charity, hovered wherever she was most needed, a loved and welcome visitor everywhere. Dr. St. Julien had left his home and friends to follow the fortunes of his niece and his young favorite, Harry Maham. An infant Annie, soon after reaching their new home, was placed in his arms, and after enjoying for one brief year her infantile charms, he was called upon to part with his little pet, and very soon after he was himself laid to his eternal rest by her

Five years had now passed since these sad events, and the soothing hand of time, with the blissful hope of an eternal reunion, had left tender and holy sadness in place of the anguished sorrow felt for the departed loved ones. Several children had been given to adorn and bless the homes of Arthur and Harry. Harry, with his warm, genial manners, was a favorite and prosperous merchant in the little town -, and Arthur filled honorably the high and responsible position of a popular and beloved physician. Mrs. Gordon lived with her sweet Rose, happy in sharing with her the care of her little ones, and Jimmie, distinguished for oratorical talents, bade fair to make himself a name in the far West.

It was a lovely day, and the two families had planned a dinner en famille at Harry Maham's house. Rose and Mrs. Gordon, who had gone over early with their little ones, was in Jessie's cozy parlor, chatting cheerfully with Marion, who sat by an open window enjoying the perfumed spring and caressing upon her lap Jessie's baby-a little Hubert Gray. baby, although Jessie proudly thought her little Hubert was only less grand than

learn nothing of Col. Gray? Jessie tells me he has not been heard from since his bridal gift to Harry of Berkley Hall; for she insists upon believing it was the gift of Hubert Gray, although he sought to

"Yes." said Marion, calmly, a slight flush only betraying any unusual emotion she may have felt at the mention of Hubert Gray's name; "we all think so; it was just like him-so nobly and modestly done! Will not Arthur dine with us

the barracks to visit a Federal officer, and it is a long ride, you know. I had almost forgotten to tell you our pulpit will be filled to-morrow by a new minister. I did not learn his name, but he comes recommended for eloquence and sanctity. He is wealthy, too, and his preaching is said to be entirely a work of love. I hope he will stay with us, for it is sad to have our church closed, and there is much work to do here for the Master."

Harry stood behind his counter, chatting courteously and gayly with a party of merry girls as he measured off yard after yard of some costly fabric. The free hunter's life by the old Santee had been resigned at duty's call, and the brave-hearted Harry, cheerfully performing the merchant's dull and plodding work, had become a wonderful favorite in the little town of ----, especially with

The last yard was measured, the bundle neatly folded, tied and in the act of being handed to his fair customer, when two gentlemen entered the store. One was a citizen of the place, and an acquaintance of Harry's; the other a tall and handsome man, whose extreme gravity made him appear several years older than he

As soon as they entered the store Harry startled, his whole face indicating intense emotion, and after gazing a moment earnestly upon the stranger, cleared his counter with one bound as agile as his own Santee deer, and seizing his hand,

eagerly exclaimed: "Hubert Gray! how glad I am we have met again!"

The hand was not withdrawn, but the tone of Col. Gray's voice was cold and constrained as he replied: "It is certainly an unexpected meeting

on my part."

"Unexpected! yes, man, it is raptuously unexpected! You must go right home with me. If I do not carry you home, Tessie will not let me sit easy under my own vine or fig tree."

emprize were realized. All of his mili-"Thanks, Capt. Maham, but you must really excuse me to-day; I have a prior

"No, no; no excuses, Hubert," said Harry; "if you are pledged to Norris he will yield to the higher claims of an old friend. Will you not, Ned?" he said,

appealing to the other gentleman.



worldling from his breast, and Hubert

to receive the warm welcome of the

Harry, ardent and impulsive as ever,

led him up the garden walk with almost

boyish hilarity, exclaiming, "This is the

best day you could have come, Hubert,

for we are all here a family party! Jes-

sie, Jessie, old lady!" he called, excited-

ly, "Come and see a friend I have brought

you! Guess, now, and say who you

Hearing Harry's voice on the porch in

such (even for him) unusual excitement,

Jessie hastened to meet him, and her

scream of delight brought the whole

family out upon the vine-clad veranda

Mrs. Gordon was for the first time intro-

duced to one whose features even were

familiar to her, for a fine portrait of Hu-

bert Gray hung in the parlor of the Ma-

hams. All offered loving greating; even

Marion, delighted to meet their old friend

once more, and in momentary forgetful-

ness of the sad love passages of her life,

hastened forward to greet him, still hold-

ing in her arms the infant Hubert Gray.

At sight of the babe, Harry rushed for-

ward, and taking him out of Marion's

arms, exclaimed, as he held him proudly

For the first time, Col. Gray found

words to express his feelings, and al-

though still bewildered, he said: "Thank

you, thank you, Harry! I had no idea

my name was so tenderly cherished by

Dinner was soon announced, and, ex-

cept for the presence of the missing Ar-

thur, who had not yet returned from the

The afternoon after the dining, Col.

entitles it to the appellation of the

"Great West." He had spoken to Mari-

Poor Marion became as pale as sculp-

hauteur was almost an entire failure.

"Am I then dreaming? Harry cer-

"An impertinent mistake which was

"Then you are still Marion Maham?"

and Col. Gray gazed with earnest admi-

trust he is well."

Hubert Grav!"

you and yours."

would like best to see!"

Intelligencer.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1876. BY HOYT & CO.

friends; and so, Colonel, I give you cold hauteur to voice and manner. But back your promise to dine with me, and it was only for a little while. Long before they had reached Harry's home the only hold you pledged for another early lowly Christian had driven the proud

A painful flush mounted the brow of Hubert Gray as he replied, a little Gray was ready with Christian simplicity haughtily: "Capt. Maham, you must really excuse me to-day; I cannot think of intruding upon your family an unexected guest. I will do myself the honor of calling another time."

"Captain Maham," said Harry, dropping Col. Gray's hand, and speaking sotto voce, in a bewildered voice; then, suddenly lifting his frank and smiling blue eyes, he exclaimed: "Surely, surely, you have not forgotten me, Hubert Gray! You cannot have forgotten Harry Mayou so generously saved for us. Do not deny it, Hubert; we found it all out, guessed it at first, or rather Marion did, and then Jessie, with her woman's wit, plied Messrs. - most diligently and shrewdly with questions, until she satisfied herself that owing to your generosity we are still the owners of Berkley Hall. After that no month has passed that my little wife has not sent, but vainly, to various addresses of enquiry for Colonel Gray's whereabouts; and, now, as good luck will have it, you have turned up at our very door in this far-off and strange land, whither we have come to make a fortune, which we are to go back to Berkley to spend. And will you refuse to go | aloft, "This is your namesake, my little home with me? But I will take no denial; you must come, nolens volens." So saying, he passed his arm through Col. Gray's, and giving directions to the clerk about his business, left the store, dragging the astonished and now unresisting

Col. Gray had recognized Harry Maham as soon as he saw him, but with Harry's familiar face arose the memory of the letter he had received from him, with the rude and cold dismissal of his suit for Marion's hand; and with the bitter recollections of that letter arose afresh the bitter thoughts of the pastfor Hubert Gray was but a man.

returned to the parlor, Marion timidly enquired after the health of Col. Gray's wife. Harry hearing the question, and interrupting her with a ring of self-rehis own marriage with Ada St. Clare saw the advertisement of Berkley Hall for proach in his voice said: "O, Hubert, forgive me! What a selfish fellow I am to sale, the generosity and heroism inherent have forgotten you, too, have a wife! in his character awakened in his breast But, come, I will go now and make my the kindliest sympathy for the family peace with her and bring her home, for who he knew were devoted to the old place. He recalled his own pleasant we are all ready to love Hubert Gray's recollections of the Christmas he had Hubert placed his hand gently on spent with Walter; and even Marion's Harry's shoulder, and said: "My wife, well-conceived anguish (although he then dear Harry, is with the ransomed dead, believed her the bride of another) awakenjoying the rest of the saints." ened his tenderest compassion; and Hubert Gray determined to rise superior to "Forgive me! oh, forgive me, Hubert! all personal pique or bitterness, and after I have unwittingly pained you," said it was my hand which caused to fill with Rose was nursing her own little Marion, making enquiries, instructed the firm of Harry, his frank blue eyes filling with bitter doubts your trusting heart! Richjust three months younger, whom she Messrs. —, in the city, to purchase sympathetic tears. The friends clasped and Egan's brain and pen dictated the

Berkley Hall, making a legal return of it | hands warmly, and the cold, rude letter to Harry Maham on the occasion of his was fully forgiven by Hubert Gray. marriage, which took place the autumn after the death of Mrs. Maham and the Gray, calling at the Mahams', found only sale of the estate. Col. Gray had charged Marion at home, and alone in the parlor. his business agents that the strictest se- A momentary embarrassment was observpurchaser of the Hall, and that the it was only momentary, for Col. Gray Mahams especially should never be in- had mixed much with the world, and formed to whom they were indebted for possessed admirable self-control, he soon their ancestral home. But with love's recovered himself, and, aided by Mariquick and sure intuition, Marion had ons's innate and womanly dignity, enguessed the name of their noble benefac- tered pleasantly into conversation on tor, and having hinted it to Jessie, she, ordinary topics, dwelling animatedly (as Harry expressed it,) with her wo- upon the beauty, fertility and wonderful

man's wit, had quizzed Col. Gray's agents so shrewdly that the whole family became satisfied that Hubert Gray was the generous donor of Berkley Hall. One year after his mother's death, his youthful and gentle bride was laid beside her beloved adopted mother and the Confederate soldier, Walter Maham, in the beautiful cemetery of -, and Hubert now truly alone on earth, and feeling a restless weariness of life, renouncing all business avocations, gave up his paper scene to scene in a dreary and hopeless disgust of life. After passing several years in such hopeless and dull depression, he was suddenly awakened to the great responsibilities of man in his relations to God and eternity. He felt the solemn trust of a living soul-first his some strange hallucination. Miss Maown soul and then the souls of others. and with his usual impulsive earnestness, he determined to consecrate to God's lives in Charleston. This, Harry's home, glory the gifts he had conferred upon is mine!" The last sentence was said in him. Hubert Gray had dreamed the a quivering voice, and the poor effort at soldier's dream of honor and of fame, and at his feet had been laid the soldier's

laurel crown; but tears, the tears of tainly wrote me that you were to be marloved ones, the tears of his countrymen, ried. I surely saw the marriage notice dimmed its lustre, and from material glory he turned away in sorrow. From speedily corrected," said Marion, with the battle-field he had entered upon the arena of public life, and had fought ever on the side of truth and justice; but there were traitors in the camp; the men with ration into the eyes of the beautiful wowhom he clasped hands under the garb of truth, concealed evil hearts, evil words, man, as he waited almost breathlessly for evil deeds-they were men who clung to the flesh pots of Egypt, and worshipped the golden calf-and Hubert Gray, in

vocation. In the rescue of souls his

boyish dreams of chivalric self-devotion

But no words came. The long lashes drooped over the beautiful eyes, veiling weary indignation, exclaimed, "What is with tender care the steadfast love-light honesty, truth and justice, and where are one glance might have betrayed, and the graceful head bowed somewhat proudly they to be found?" the answer which the tongue refused to But when at last the message came, "Come, the Master calleth for thee!" the speak. Christian soldier in obeying the divine mandate found a well-spring of joy

"Marion, Marion, there has been some great mistake! there lies a mystery somewhich had hitherto been a stranger to where!" and the tones of that voice which his breast. Duties were performed; had wielded such wonderful power over events were resigned to the hands of her heart, again thrilled her whole being: Omnipotence. In the work of the min- but she endeavored calmly and even istry, Hubert Gray found his long-sought | jestingly to reply: "Is it then such a mistake for a woman

to prefer her own name to any other?"

in the performance of deeds of high "Marion, this is no time for jest. The mystery must be cleared; Harry's fidelitary fame and glory be gladly gave up ty, his frankness, his friendship, must be defended; my trust in woman's truth for the sweet promise, "He that is least among you, the same shall be greatest;" must be restored! Will you give me one and in his noble work of love Hubert hour alone with you to-morrow? I would say this afternoon, but I have promised But the face and voice of Harry Maham Dr. Ferguson to accompany him to the had aroused sleeping memories which he barracks, to visit a dying officer who 'Certainly,' I brought Col. Gray here thought had been lulled to rest forever, desires to see a clergyman. To-morrow

and for a brief while bitter thoughts filled I will show you letters which I now be- home, and being informed by little Wal-

It is Richard Egan's work," hoarsely whispered the girl. "Until to-morrow, Marion Maham

think of me as gently as you can." The girl raised her eyes to his face their glances met, and each felt their early love had only slept, to be awakened by the first soft touch.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"All within, light, warmth, calm." "What is the name of the officer docasked Hubert Gray as Arthur and himself drove at a pretty brisk speed to the

"Capt. Jonathan Bennet, of Co. - and Regt. in U. S. A. He is very ill, and appears to be suffering greatly from reerse, and entreated me to bring him a clergyman. His notions of religion are very vague. He speaks of having injured some one, whom he terms his

"Capt. Bennet." mused Col. Gray, "the ame is very familiar. It may be one of sad thoughts her tears flowed freely but my old comrades. Is he hopelessly ill?" 'Yes," said Arthur, "this is one of those cases which makes the physician feel how valueless is human skill or science when the divine mandate goes forth: 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,' for this poor fellow can only linger a few days. I hope you will be able to offer him some comfort. But here we are at the barracks.'

Arthur entered the sick man's room ollowed by Col. Gray.

"Well. Bennet," said the doctor, kindly and cheerfully, "I hope you feel more brought a friend and clergyman to see you. He has been like yourself, an old Federal soldier-Col. Gray; Capt. Ben-

barracks, the families considered it one of the happiest meals they had eaten "Col. Gray !" exclaimed the sick man, endeavoring to raise himself in bed, "Col. Gray! Hubert Gray! and has my prayer Soon after they had left the table and been answered? does my enemy stand before me, and will he forgive?" he ques-

Hubert Gray moved quickly and gravenan's hand tenderly in his, said: "I know not that there is aught of enmity or strife between us, but if there be. I forgive you as freely, Capt. Bennet, as I merciful God to whom I now beseech you to turn your thoughts."

"No, oh no, you know not that there is aught of strife between us. You know not that I came between you and the woman you loved. You know not that written by Harry Maham, but my hand contrived them to you. My evil heart and hand robbed you of letters of sympathy and love from the Mahams which cresy should be observed concerning the able in the manner of each of them; but My hand received from Richard Egan and conveyed to you the paper containing the false statement of Maj. Egan's marriage with Marion Maham. Fear induced Maj. Egan to contradict the report-but the contradiction you never saw. Do you remember, Col. Gray, at C-, when you came to the rescue of that brave girl, how you spoke to me resources of the country which justly scornfully and tauntingly, aye, you even questioned my courage! My pride, fiend pride, was roused, and I vowed to be revenged, and this has been my revenge. on with the familiar ease of an old acquaintance, but had never from their I robbed you of your sweet and holy past meeting addressed her by her name. trust in the only woman you have ever But that afternoon, after speaking at loved. I found in Mai, Egan (who loved the girl madly and regarded you as a some length on ordinary subjects, he sudrival) an ally as unprincipled as myself, denly, abruptly and with apparent effort, and I helped him to play his game until I had crushed out of your proud heart all on a visit to Harry, as I have understood of its sweet truthfulness and hope. But the Major still lives in Charleston. I the girl's fair fame, thank God, I spared untouched! Egan wished me with bribed negroes to kidnap her in one of tured marble, and then a deep flush her long rambles at Berkley Hall and place her under such circumstances that crimsoned painfully her pale cheek as she would have been glad to marry him, she coldly and almost haughtily replied: "Col. Gray is certainly laboring under and cover what the world would have seemed shame; but Maggie, my white ham scarcely feels an ordinary interest robed spirit, my angel Maggie, guarded in Maj. Egan, although, I believe, he her, thank God! In my desk, Col. Gray, you will find a full account of the whole transaction between Richard Egan and myself, also copies of the forged letters to corroborate my statement. You will also find the letters of the Mahams to yourself, which I contrived should never reach you. And now, Hubert Gray, can you forgive, that I may die easy?"

"Freely, freely, poor Bennet, and I beseech you turn your thoughts to Him whose forgiveness can, not only bestow comfort, but eternal happiness," said Hubert Gray, with deep emotion.

"God bless you, Hubert Gray! See see !" he said, gazing earnestly into space, 'Maggie, my white robed Maggie, smiles and beckons me away! O, Col. tell her, tell the Southern girl my Maggie's pure spirit watched over her." A few days longer and poor Bennet passed from earth with the words "I come, I come Maggie" upon his lips. The papers to which he alluded were

found and read by the Mahams and Col. Gray. The mystery was solved; the mistakes corrected between Hubert, Harry and Marion, and frank, honest Harry wondered how Hubert Gray could have believed he wrote those rude letters. A week after poor Bennet's death, Hubert Gray sent the papers found in his desk to the address of Richard Egan, Charleston, S. C., and with the papers a letter giving him the particulars of Bennet's death, and telling him that he had sent him the papers and letters since they touched most closely his honor. He also said he freely forgave and pitied him.

Several months passed by and Hubert Gray had become a daily and expected visitor at Harry Maham's. Calling one afternoon, finding only the children at cases of murder,

his heart, flushed his cheek, and gave the lieve to be forgeries; but by whom, I ter Maham that Aunt Marion had gone to the graveyard, he bent his steps in the same direction. It was one of those quiet, still afternoons which induce thoughtful retrospection, and as Hubert walked slowly forward, memory took a review of his whole life. His mother's watchful love, Walter's warm and holy friendship, his visit to Berkley, the cruel war, his and Marion's mutual love, his disappointment, his marriage, his wife's and mother's death, his loneliness and depression, his consecration of himself to God's service, his union with the Mahams, and his still devoted love for the "Lily of Santee." "But will she be mine?" he murmured, as he entered the cemetery and approached the graves of Dr. St. Julien and his little pet Annie St. Julien Maham. Marion sat upon the roots of a large tree which drooped over the graves, a basket of choice flowers was beside her, from which she slowly and musingly chose such as she wished to arrange into a cross, which she was making to place upon her old friend's grave. She too thought upon the past, the happy past-the sorrowful past, and with her

> "Marion, you are weeping! I trust i is for no new sorrow," said Hubert Gray, seating himself by her side.

gently, relieving and refreshing her over-

charged heart.

"No, no!" she said, smiling but sadly through her tears, "I have only been listening to echoes from the past. They must and will be heard sometimes, you

of the past, and with thoughts of the dead past comes a still living voice, a voice of the heart which you, my Marion, must listen to this afternoon, for it will "Eight years ago, a Federal soldier

said to a Southern girl, will you be mine? The proud girl's proud heart silenced love's soft pleading voice and proudly answered, "A daughter of the trampled South may not wed a Federal soldier." This afternoon a soldier of the cross, a herald of salvation asks a Christian woman: Will you be mine, my helpmeet in my Heaven appointed work? Dearest y to the bedside, and taking the sick Marion, will you be the Christian soldier's wife?"

The delicate white hand rested in his and tremblingly fell upon his ear the sweet voice and welcome words, "I will, have been forgiven by the gracious and Hubert Gray; your labors of love I will gladly share! I have learned 'He doeth all things well,' and dare not cherish proud or angry thoughts."

CONCLUDED.

The Governor and the Harmon Tragedy. Governor Chamberlain is both eloquent and imaginative when he contemplates the awful majesty of the law in South Carolina. His proclamation on that dignity, administered by the col-ored citizens of Edgefield County upon the savage murderers of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, would read well in law-ruled England and in most parts of the United States. It would certainly read better in any other State of this Union than it does in South Carolina. It does not read well in South Carolina at the present moment, simply because it is inspired rather by the Governor's vivid imagination of what

citizens of Edgefield felt themselves called upon to resort to for protection of deplorable as the necessity which called for it. But a whole community does not openly turn out for such acts as this, unless there is some overpowering convic-tion of necessity for their action; and though the Governor in his proclamation rises loftily above the level of the people, and soars in the clear ether of abstract principle and right, his attempt to brand the citizens of Edgefield as common mur-derers shows that he has a very imperfect conception of the actual condition of affairs in this unhappy State. The Govthis State is not a new or imperfectly organized community, in which concerted violence must sometimes supplement or supercede the laws. The courts, he says, are everywhere accessible and frequent, but he does not say that many of our inries are extremely uncertain in their construction of the laws, or that our jails are distressingly insecure. He makes no allusion to the jail break-

ings, the murders, the highway robberies, the larcenies, the burglaries, the long gree, which in one form or another, the press is almost daily called upon to chronicle, and for which the laws of South Carolina as administered by the boasts, provide neither adequate punish-ment nor prevention. It is with relucthe inconsistencies of the Governor's proclamation, and to show that it is defec tive in that it does not really apply to the South Carolina of to-day. Nor do we by any means desire to encourage such tragic events as that which casts its gloom upon the good County of Edgefield .-We shall always be ready to lend the Governor whatever aid may be in our power to lend in promoting the reign of but we cannot withhold a protest when the brand of the murderer is brought near to the foreheads of good citizens who have only obeyed the promptings of duty in assuming a grim and painful function which the vitrl interests of society demanded should be surely performed .-This is a question neither of race nor of party politics. It is a painful episode of painful era, and one upon which the Governor, we think, would have done better to let the curtain of silence and oblivion rest unraised .- Charleston Jour-

- A wag who had rapped a piece of cloth, having the word "Centennial" on it, around an egg and then boiled it, so that it appeared plainly on the shell, eived a Connecticut farmer, who sadly deceived a Connecticut farmer, who took it out of a nest where it had been placed and exhibited it at the office of a local newspaper as a wonderful manifestation of the hen's intimate knowledge of the history of the United States. - A novel argument against acquit

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER. Events of the Week-The Centennial

endence of the Anderson Intellig

PHILADELPHIA, June 8, 1876. "Dese am rudder libely times we's habben now!" remarked the sable gentleman who handed me my beef stake and onions the other morning at the Continental Hotel, "de wedder am fine and dar's a heap a people in town"—and he was right, for we have just passed through a week of delightful weather, such as I have seldom seen even in June. In general excitement it has exceeded opening week, and I think the number of visitors will almost equal that very interesting occasion. Early in the week the Knights Templar began to pour in from every portion of the country, and as they came not alone, but in the majority of instances, those who were lucky enough to have wives, brought them along, while the fortunate possessors of families ranging anywhere from five to eleven in number, were not forgetful of their marital obligations, and brought the dear little cherubs to see the fun too, and as a natural consequence, this extra addition to our population, as my colored friend remarked, "made tings rudder libely." The events of the past week have been numerous and important, principal among which, were the Decoration Day—the convocation of Knights
Templar—the meeting of the Medical
Society of Pennsylvania—and the meeting of the Social Science Association. In
the closing portion of this letter I shall
briefly ratios each of these events but briefly notice each of these events, but trust I may be pardoned if I digress one moment to say a word in behalf of the Centennial Committee. There are many excellent people in and out of Philadelphia, just now speculating on the possi-bility of the financial failure of the Centennial Exhibition, and who are concoming, and that lamentable oversight of the Centennial Committee in not adopting their peculiar views—and are frank enough to say what they would have done if they were in the committee's place; wretched scribblers without enough to drive a second class fish wagon, are constantly calling in question wagon, are constantly calling in questions the wisdom and policy of the gentlemen having charge of the most gigantic under-taking of modern times, and requiring an amount of forecast and judgment fully

equal to the government of a nation. It is barely possible that if the United States had been raked with a fine tooth comb, a few better men might have been Committee than the gentlemen who now occupy them, but even that is exceedingeen deemed infallible, and in all probability never will be. Even the Almighty, whose judgment is unerring, having made his last and most perfect work, man, in his own image and likeness, in a little while repented that he had made him. have been some mistakes, some errors of judgment, some shortcomings of performance? Don't look at these spots on the sun; look at the sun itself. Don't seek

Having relieved my mind, I will now

eturn to Brazil. On entering the pavilion erected by the Brazilian government nothing impresses you more strongly than the lightness and elegance of everything she exhibits. Spain looks gloomy and forbidding. Brazil is light, airy, costly books, admirable in workmanship and rich in splendid binding, rare con-tributions to science and art, and worthy ought to be than by his knowledge of of the great nation they represent. The show of cotton goods and cloths is not up to the standard of English manufactures, or of the products of the loom in the United States; still they have abundance their property and of their families is as of the raw material, and under their doubt avail themselves of the brains and muscle of other lands. The countries south of Brazil have long been famous for hides; here we have the manufactured leather, and it seems to me I have never seen its superior. manufactured articles of various kinds is also exceedingly creditable, as also are her numerous agricultural products of coffee, sugar and grain, and give her a which northern people were scarcely pre-pared. But if Brazil were twice as big and as rich as she is, we could only afford to give her a peaker. to give her a passing glance, for a greater potentate by divine right in the arena of science and art, an autocrat in philosophy, a fearless apostle in religion, a daring demigod in war. I refer to those dauntless "islanders upon whose bloodred flag the sun never sets, and whose reveille beat is heard around the world."

are all compelled to pay her tribute.

here her children are grouped around her

she does of the most favored of her chil-

African department you have as the

I confess it fills me with admiration I see grouped in this comprehensive man-ner the grand production of England and her Colonies. When I look at the map of this, our mother land, and see that you might drop that seagirt isle within the limits of the State of New York, and then have room to spare. I say it fills see the wonders she has achieved in every department of human knowledge. She meets you everywhere—go into the machinery department and her engines are among the finest and most substantial ever made by human hands—in cotton goods she has no superior in the world, and it is esteemed no small compliment to stand her equal on any of the marts of commerce; in silks she rivals the looms of Lyons; in carpets she is almost withthe situation; in silverware she need not fear to enter into competitiou with the artisans of any land, and in the million and one kinds of small items that go to displays an activity and grasp that is marvelous to behold. Go where you will marveious to behold. Go where you will in any of the departments and there you see on great flags, Great Britain and Ireland, Colonies, or Colonial dependen-cies, and when taken together there is

the acquittal is a reflection on the character of the dead man, convincing the world that he was properly killed, and it would seem that a man's standing in the community, and not the law, governs in spoils of her hunters, the tusks of the ele-

hide of hyppotamus, the feathers of the ostrich, no longer, however, a wild denizen of the plains, but a useful domestic bird, raised in flocks like geese or sheep, but yielding a richer tribute. The agricultural contributions are simply splendid, wheat, wine, wool, silk and a multitude of things too numerous to mention. Canada, too, looms up grandly, a mighty child of a mighty sire; with such elements of greatness as she displays, one wonders that they have not known more wonders that they have not known more of it before. In agricultural machinery in particular she has made a magnificent display, and I should not be at all astonished to hear that she had borne off a great number of the prizes. The West India Islands send rich contributions of sugar, coffee, dye-woods and other sources tropical wealth. And right here is where you estimate the power of Eng-land. Every product from the equator to the pole is exhibited in some of her departments. No matter what any other nations puts on exhibition, she is there to rival them, roam among the splendors of the art gallery, and amid the congre-Sated gems of genius from the world, are the statues of Chautry and the paintings

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of Landseer, and the works of the multitude of grand apostles of art, who have But I feel that my space is running out, and must devote what remains to the events of the week. On decoration day we had a fine parade of the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, who, in performance of a sacred and holy trust, went out to decorate the graves of their dead comrades who died in defence of the Union. One of the gratifying features of the procession was the tribute that was paid to the Confederate dead. Let the who long years ago went out to do battle for the stars and bars-let their grief be know that the graves of their loved ones are not forgotten, but that kindly and loving hands with each returning year scatter beautiful flowers over them as they do over the graves of their own heroic dead. The procession was very imposing. In the reunion speeches no allusion was made that could hurt the most patriotic feelings of those so lately opposed to them; and seeing the graceful tributes paid by brave men to those who were once their foes, I could not help believing that this was indeed a year of The procession of Knights Templar,

on June the first, was simply grand. They began to invade the city early in the week, they came from ever State in the Union, and such a welcome as they received has hardly been seen in the present generation, never before at the reception of any organization have I witness such enthusiasm. Such a cordial and hearty greeting; not only hotels and public halls were placed at the disposal of the Sir Knights, but private houses flung their portals wide, and the whole city seemed overflowing with the most lavish and generous hospitality. Here divisional lines, no orthodox distinctions, for what they have not done; look at what they have done, and if a man's judgment is not warned as creek is a charity, acknowledging the universal brotherhood of man, the universal fathram's horn, he must confess, without any and imposing. Embracing many thou-disparagement to the exhibitions of other sands of the mystic brotherhood. In the lands, that no grander exhibition than this at Philadelphia has ever been given on the face of the globe.

afternoon their officers were installed, and in the evening there was an immense reception at the Academy of Music, at which the most distinguished people in the State were present.

The Society for the advancement of Social Science has had a most interesting series of meetings, at which were present distinguished savans from all portions of the country. The Medical Society of Pennsylvania has also had an interesting session, at which considerable feeling was manifested at the admission of some Homeopathic practitioners into one of passed condemning the disciples of Hahieman, and commending the action of a their official positions rather than receive the little pill doctors to respectable stand-ing among the medical brotherhood.— There has been no earthquake in conse-

The attendance is increasing every day. On Tuesday last it reached 44,000. An to death by a policeman. The big Krupp gun is nearly in position, and a Chestnut street heiress is reported to have run away with a rolling chair man. Country cousins, aunts, uncles, grandmothers and mothers-in-law are pouring in upon us by the million. We are delighted to see by the million. We are delighted to see you all; but when you come bring your lunch and money enough to pay your exrowed, and our spare rooms let out to per-

BROADBRIM.

umbia Union-Herald mentions a piece of "good news" for the teachers in the pub-333.33—there having already been dis-bursed \$166,666.66, making a total of \$200,000 out of an appropriation of 250,-000. This may be "good news" to the cheated out of their earnings ever since 1869. It may be a consolation to them to know that only one-fifth of their pay from the State will not be forthcoming for some time. A deficiency of \$50,000 must be made up in some way next winter. Altogether the school system of this State, managed as it has been under Re publican administration, is about as great farce as was ever acted under the guise of law. School commissioners have in incapable of gaining a third-grade certificate before a respectable board of exami-ners, while others have been wholly intent upon making money for themselves. Of course these circumstances are not the direct cause of the deficiency, but they are readily suggested when we read or hear anything showing the inefficiency of the public schools. We believe the present school law to be a most excellent one: it doubtless combines all the features that have been found most advantageous in other States. But the difficulnothing that man produces or secures by ty lies in the continual waste and embezhis labors or his genius; his courage or | zlement of the public money by corrupt his perseverance, but what she seems to men. As long as the legislature contin-have a part in it. The sea, the earth, ues to levy the present excessive taxes, or have a part in it. The sea, the earth, the air, in every land and every clime, as long as it continues to make appropriations beyond the sums likely to The contributions of a single colony are realized from the levies, so long must we expect the public schools to be badly superior to that of many nations; and managed and the teachers poorly paid. By reducing expenses to a reasonable fig-ure, a moderate tax levy would amply suffice to run the State and county govso closely that she resembles some little women I have seen with exceedingly large families; and not by any means the smallest of her blood relations, is the ernments, and pay for echools the entire sum now appropriated. The colored people are decidedly the greatest sufferers young gentleman, Brother Jonathan, who is entertaining her so royally to-day, and in this matter, as they are far more de-pendent on the public schools than the whites. As long as they continue to be of whom no doubt she feels as proud as dren. I have spoken of the magnitude duped into electing to office men noto-riously incompetent, so long must there and variety of her contributions. In her be discontent and suffering in the State.

LEGAL ADVERTISING .- We are compelled to require cash payments for advertising ordered by Executors, Administrators and other fiduciaries, and herewith append the rates for the ordinary notices, which will only be inserted when the

Governor Chamberlain's Action upon

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Official information has reached me that, on the 23d day of May last, six persons, named Austin Davis, Stephen Lake, Larkin Holloway, Jesse Lake, Jefferson Settles and Marshall Perrin, charged with the murder of John L. Harmon and Catharine Harmon, his wife, at a place called Winter Seat, in the County of Edgefield, were forcibly taken from the custody of the sheriff of Edgefield County

by a body of men, numbering several hundred, and immediately shot to death. The murder of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, coroner's inquest shows, was cold blooded and fiendish; but the subsequent killing of those charged with this crime by others than officers of the law, and in a manner not authorized by law, renders every per-son engaged in the killing a murderer in the eye of the law. No plea of provocation, or of the necessity for protection and example, can for a moment be admitted to justify such an act. This State is not a new or imperfectly organized com-munity in which concerted violence must sometimes supplement or supersede the laws. The laws of this State take notice of all crimes and provide punishment for where accessible and frequent.

Nor were there special circumstances attending this affair which could give occasion or excuse for this defiance and overthrow of the law and its officers. The persons charged with the crime were in the custody of the officers of the law. Escape was impossible. If the county jail was deemed insecure, the citizens could have guarded it. A term of the Court of General Sessions was close at hand—a court in which the presiding judge and the juries could not possibly crimes. No grounds whatever existed for fearing Executive clemency after due the present Executive no person capitally convicted has been pardoned, and the sentence of no person so convicted has been changed by the Executive, except mendations of court, jury and citizens.

citizens covered by the ægis of our laws, their persons inviolable from touch or their persons inviolable from touch or hurt, except by the hands of the minis-ters of the law, have been summarily, de-liberately, openly and ruthlessly slain, without legal trial, without proper legal scrutiny of the evidences of their guilt, and without the smallest chance of legal defence. To the horror inspired by the original crime is now added the horror which such lawless vengeance should which such lawless vengeance should everywhere inspire. The peace of so-ciety was broken by the first crime; but the supremacy of law was overthrown by

As the Chief Magistrate of the State it is my duty to warn my fellow-citizens of the nature and effects of such resort to violence for the punishment of crime, and to call upon all the officers and agents of the law to bring to just account those who have dared to usurp the awful prerogatives with which the lawfully constituted representatives of Public Ju-

my hand and caused the great seal of the A. D., 1876, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundredth.

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN, Governor. H. É. HAYNE, Secretary of State.

The following letter, on the same subject, is addressed to Judge Carpenter, in whose circuit is Edgefield County: EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,

COLUMBIA, June 8, 1876 Hon. R. B. Carpenter, Judge of Fifth DEAR SIR-I enclose for your exami-

nation a copy of an executive proclama-tion having reference to the recent killing of six persons in Edgefield County, charged by the verdict of a coroner's jury with the murder of John L. Harmon and his wife in said county.

It is my duty to do all in my power to

cause the execution of the laws in all cause the execution of the laws in an cases of their violation. The courts, and their officers and agents, are of course the chief means for the execution of the laws and the punishment of crimes. Over the courts I have no control, but in the present instance I deem it my duty to call your official attention to the mat-ters embraced in the enclosed proclamation, and to suggest to you, with proper deference, that the attention of the grand jury of Edgefield County be directed to a full examination of the matters referred full examination of the matters referred to, to the end that such judicial action may be taken as the due execution of the laws may require and the facts of the

case may warrant. tion that two women, named Matilda Holloway and Bettie Perrin, who were charged by the coroner's jury as accesso-ries to the murder, are still at large, and that other persons still living were probably connected with the crime, to a greater or less degree, I beg leave to suggest that measures should be adopted to bring these persons before the court, to be dealt with according to law.

In all possible ways it will be my duty to assist your Honor in this most extraordinary and painful affair.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. H. CHAMBERLAIN,
Governor South Carolina.

combats with considerable vigor the ar-gument that the city weeklies are cheaper and better than the country papers. asks, do they ever give you news? Never. Do they contain notices for your schools, churches, meetings, improvements and hundreds of other matters of interests, which your county paper publishes without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw attention to your county and its numerous thriving towns, and aid their progress and enterprise? Not a word. And yet there are men who take they are getting as many square inches of reading matter in their own papers as they do in a city paper they think they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the person who took the largest pair of heats in the heat largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost the same as a pair much smaller that fit him.

A SCHOOL BOY'S COMPOSITION ON THE BLACKBERRY.-The "black" is a beautiful berry if you will let it stay on the vine. When mixed with doe they present a very homely appearance. I do not like them, no how. They will do very well for woodpeckers, jaybirds and pigs, but I wouldn't let my little "pinter pup" touch them. They color the teeth and other things, but you ain't going to get none of their stain in me. Mamma fed myself, but I don't intend to be stuffed with them all of my life. I have gone completely back on my "raisin" and am a little spilt, so I guess you will have to trot up with something fresh. I'll be dogged if I can stand 'em. My teeth are full of the seed now.